

Secrets Make This Town by Oop

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Summary:

Hopper knows that Billy Hargrove sucks cock like he was born for it and he knows Steve Harrington is hung like a pornstar.

He knows these by accident.

Hop also knows that Billy and Steve love each other.

He knows that from experience.

Secrets Make This Town

Author's Note:

The summary almost makes this sound sweet. It's not. It's also not /not/ sweet, but... Please read the tags. Stay safe, kids!

I also feel like I need to say that I definitely ship Harringrove, but not this threesome. I wrote this because I read BeautyInChains' "Curious Minds, Pupils Grow Wide" and it wouldn't leave me alone.

...Anyway, here's Wonderwall.

Hop knows a lot of things about a lot of people. He thinks he probably knows more about each person in Hawkins, Indiana than anyone would like him to, including himself. In a town this small, where this much shit happens, it's a blessing when he's on duty and a curse when he's not.

For example, he knows Lissa Sunby steals flowers from the library flowerbeds. He knows Gerald Lefever shoots dogs that wander into his yard, even ones with collars and little charms that say, "I'm not lost, just visiting." He knows Neil Hargrove beats the shit out of his son. He knows that Billy Hargrove sucks cock like he was born for it and he knows Steve Harrington is hung like a pornstar.

These last two he knows by accident.

Last he'd known, the two couldn't stand each other. Steve had talked about Billy like they were arch nemeses, and Hopper cared, he did, but Steve had talked about Billy a lot. Maybe it should have been obvious.

Then one night Hop was busting up a party that got a little too rowdy for the neighbors, herding underage kids out of the house, taking names, calling parents to come pick them up, sending his deputies to

deliver them home in batches. Finally, when the house was a little quieter, the situation under control, Hop went up the stairs. He heard a shout, and he was young once, he should have known better. But his feet carried him faster, urgent, until he was twisting a doorknob and pushing the door open. Without hesitating, he reached out for a lightswitch and quietly flipped it on.

Billy noticed right away, but he had Steve Harrington's dick so far down his throat that Hopper swallowed hard instinctively, sympathetically. Those dark blue eyes slid over to Hopper, wide with shock for just a moment. Hopper could see Billy processing, the calculations and possible scenarios running behind his eyes. Steve finally noticed, too, if only because of Billy's pause. When he blinked dazedly, mortification immediately colored his face a deeper red than the flush already climbing his neck. He opened his mouth to say something just as Billy winked at Hopper, then resumed going at Steve's dick like he was starving for it. Steve threw his head back on a moan, a curse, a shout. Hopper'd had some good head in his life, but Billy made it look like fine art. At one point, he choked a little and pulled back... and back and back, inch after inch of Steve Harrington coming out of his throat and fuck, what was Hopper still doing here? He turned to leave, but caught Billy's eye on the way. Billy's face was amused, but Hop saw the relief underneath. "Not gonna stay for the big finale?" Billy asked, and Christ, his voice was wrecked. Objectively, Hop thought, he looked good like that: shirtless, jeans unreasonably tight, on his knees, blonde hair sex-mangled, lips swollen and so, so red. If Hopper were about twenty-hell, maybe ten-years younger...

But he wasn't. So, without a word, he turned off the light and closed the door behind him.

It's not an emergency, really, but Hopper can admit that he's a little

protective of Steve Harrington. With Jane came her troupe of friends, and with a troupe of friends, all barely teenagers, came a babysitter. And besides, Steve's a good kid. So when the neighbors call because someone may have broken into the Harrington home, Hop goes himself to check. Jane's staying at the Byers' for a sleepover anyway, so it's not like Hop has anything better to do.

It's dark, like it always is, but Steve's car sits in the driveway. That doesn't mean anything, though--someone could have picked him up. Hop notes other cars in the vicinity, but doesn't see anything out of the ordinary. He parks on the street in front of the house, not in the driveway, and kills the engine. The house looms before him, eerie in its stillness, but Hop goes around to the pool first. There's nobody out there, but Hop lets the blue water, the way it throws light at unexpected angles, the way it softens everything, transfix him. A girl died in that pool, on Hop's watch. And he knows that he couldn't have done anything about it, that he truly did the best he could, but he also knows that the churning in his gut, the sting of failure and swell of regret, will never burn out.

Inside the house, something thumps loudly, and Hopper goes for the back door. The front, he knows, will be locked. The back, thankfully, isn't. In fact, the sliding door isn't quite closed all the way, like someone went inside in a hurry. Hop goes in, then closes it silently behind him. "Steve?" He's not extremely familiar with the Harrington home, but he knows the layout well enough to make it to the stairs without tripping. At the top, a light is on.

"Steve?" Hopper calls again, starting up the steps. They're silent under his feet. With no answer, he keeps going. "Steve?" he calls one more time at the top of the stairs. Hopper doesn't notice that there was noise until it picks up, suddenly. Hop goes down the hall, freezes in the doorway to Steve's room. Because Steve, or Billy, hadn't shut the door and Hopper sees... everything. Steve laid out on the bed, lap full of naked Billy Hargrove. Billy has his head thrown back, hands braced behind him on Steve's thighs, and then Hopper sees Steve's hands, one on Billy's hip, the other working beneath him, pushing

into Billy. “Steve,” Billy pants, hips working shamelessly. “Steve, c’mon.”

Hopper can’t move. Can’t look away from the place where Steve’s fingers disappear and reappear. Like he has a sixth sense, Billy’s eyes snap open, startlingly clear blue. Contrary to all expectation, Billy smirks like he’s pleased at Hopper’s presence, then moans as Steve’s fingers dip in again, and Hopper feels his dick twitch. He needs to get the fuck out of here before he does something extremely regrettable. So he clears his throat, loudly, and trains his eyes on the floor. “Steve? Billy? You all good?”

There’s the sound of a short scuffle, and Hop almost smiles. He hopes he didn’t ruin their fun for the night. After a few seconds, he hears. “No, we’re not all good-”

“Billy! Mm!”

“We could use a hand, Chief.”

Hopper knows exactly what this is. He knows, and is still shocked by the punch of want in his gut. Christ, what are they? Seventeen? Maybe eighteen? He chances a glance up, and Billy and Steve are both watching him, Billy with a hand over Steve’s mouth, his face lit up with amusement. Steve looks like he could gratefully die at that moment, but his brown eyes are wide, curious. He’s not exactly fighting Billy to tell Hop to get out, is he?

The moment hangs heavy with the weight of deciding. Hopper knows the weight well, carries it around on his shoulders day by day, sometimes much heavier than others. This decision... he can’t really judge the weight of it, though, not here in the middle of it. But he knows this is wrong. He’s old enough to be their father, he’s an authority figure, and about fifty other reasons he can’t. So he turns to leave-

“Wait,” Billy says. Inexplicably, Hopper does. He watches Billy lean down and murmur to Steve—“I’ll be right back, stay right here, baby”—before he stands on strong, shaking legs. He is beautiful, all golden skin and golden curls and cut muscle, every inch the California boy he is. Behind him, Steve is also beautiful, laid out on the bed amidst rumpled white sheets that make his silky hair and big eyes stand out.

Hop shouldn’t let Billy Hargrove approach him. He thinks about all the ways this could blow up in his face, and it’s not worth it, even if Billy eyes him hungrily, even if no one has looked at Hopper with that kind of intensity in years. It feels good, though, the curl of heat in his gut.

Billy is bold. He doesn’t stop moving until he gets a hand on Hopper’s chest, the warmth of his palm searing even through the taupe uniform shirt. He grins, sliding his palm up Hopper’s neck, up through his beard. Billy doesn’t say anything as his fingers pass over Hopper’s lips, his own opening unconsciously.

“Kid—” Hopper starts to say.

“I could suck you off,” Billy says, quietly, the corner of his mouth wicked where it curls up. “You liked it, watching. I’m good at it.”

Hopper swallows, feels his dick give an interested jolt. He can’t argue with that. “Listen, kid—”

“If I’m kid, does that make you Daddy?” Billy’s smirk could cut glass. He knows, he damn well knows, exactly what he’s doing.

Fuck, Hopper thinks, as his blood surges. Fuck, he thinks, as he steps forward and crashes his mouth against the promise of Billy’s red, red lips. Hopper’s hands immediately come up to frame Billy’s face, to

slide back into those lovely curls and use the leverage to gently put Billy where he wants him. Billy makes a sound of surprise, but otherwise lets him, pliant. It feels so fucking good, all at once, to have this handsome, strong, young man bend to him, goad him, want him. Dangerously, he thinks Billy would let him do damn near anything. “You’re too pretty for your own good, kid,” Hopper growls out into Billy’s mouth. Billy can only make a high sound in his throat, because Hopper doesn’t give him a chance to respond as he backs Billy into the room enough to close the door like these two imbeciles should have done in the first place, and maybe they wouldn’t be here now.

Hop loses himself in the lushness of Billy’s mouth until the quiet splits open on a moan, not Hopper’s and not Billy’s. Hopper stops, but Billy licks at his mouth once before extricating himself. With unabashed ease, Billy goes back to the bed, settles himself at Steve’s side. “Shh, baby,” he says, smoothing a hand down the side of Steve’s face, leaning in to kiss him. When they look at each other, Hopper notices, all their sharp edges soften. A pang that he refuses to name ricochets in his chest. “Shh, Daddy’s gonna take care of us. Isn’t he?” Billy looks over his shoulder, eyes lightning sharp.

These kids are gonna kill him, Hop thinks, even as he hears himself saying, “Yeah. Yeah, Daddy will take care of you.” Steve still looks a little shell-shocked, honestly, but Billy moves to meet Hopper at the end of the bed, kneeling, waiting. He reaches out with surprisingly steady fingers to undo Hopper’s belt when he steps within reach, then his shirt, immediately pawing over Hop’s chest and stomach. Hopper catches his wrists, stilling him, and looks over at Steve.

“Steve. Are you okay? Is this okay?”

Steve seems to take an eternity to meet Hopper’s eyes, but when he does, he licks his lips and nods.

“I’m going to need something verbal, Steve.”

Steve licks his lips again. “Yeah,” he says. His eyes flick to Billy. “Yeah, I’m- it’s good.”

Slowly, Hopper nods. He’ll accept it, but he’s definitely going to let Steve make the first move, he decides. “If it’s ever not good, or you change your mind, tell me.”

Now Steve nods, and then Hopper looks to Billy, who grins. “I’ll let you know, Daddy.”

“...You’re gonna test me, aren’t you?” he asks.

Without hesitating, Billy says, “I wanna be your good boy.” The edge of his smile says the opposite.

“Christ. Come here.” He kisses Billy again, still holding both of his wrists. Billy pushes up on his knees so that they’re chest-to-chest, like he craves that spark of skin against skin and doesn’t much care how he gets it. Really, Hopper’s more taken with the way Billy works his mouth, riding the perfect line between sloppy and sensual, uncaring of the spit on his chin or the burn of Hop’s beard on his face.

Lost in Billy’s hedonism, or maybe his own, the hands that touch Hopper nearly make him jerk away. Steve has crawled up to them, still openly stunned but smiling now, looking up at Hopper. Shit, he’s so sweet-looking under that floppy hair, those brown eyes so candid. Hopper smiles at him, but doesn’t move to touch him. Not yet. He’s still afraid that Steve doesn’t really want this, that he’s just swept along with the undertow of Billy’s desire, his lack of inhibitions. But he lets Steve touch him, run his hands down his sides, across his chest. Steve moves closer, then leans up toward Hopper’s ear.

“Daddy?” he says, testing it out, quiet and uncertain. Hopper’s heart

seizes in his chest. He might squeeze Billy's wrists, still caught in his hands, harder than he means to.

"Yeah, baby?" Hopper says, because he'd heard Billy call Steve that and it's a bit of a gamble—that might be *their* thing—but it pays off.

Steve shudders, then licks his lips before turning his eyes up to Hopper's. "You want me to finish prepping Billy for you? He's almost ready."

There are several long moments where they all just breathe, the arousal in the air thick enough to choke them. Here, again, Hopper has a decision, a boulder hanging over them. He licks his own lips, mouth suddenly dry, and looks at Billy. He doesn't seem put off by the idea at all, but those ruby lips catch Hopper's eye and he thinks, no, he knows what he wants. And maybe, if they're lucky, he still knows how far is too far.

Turning back to Steve, Hopper says, "No, baby. You finish prepping him for *you*."

Steve and Billy share a look, and then Steve leans forward to kiss Billy, and Hopper can see that Billy kisses Steve completely differently from the way he kisses Hopper. Before they break apart so Steve can grab the lube, they press their foreheads together, taking a moment to just breathe each other. It's intimate, and Hopper suddenly feels his true status as an intruder. Before the feeling settles too permanently, Steve moves away, and it's just Billy looking up at Hopper, waiting, expecting.

"You," Hopper says. "I have plans for you. For that mouth." He notices the goosebumps on Billy's skin, but mostly pays attention to the way Billy's tongue curls along his teeth while he pants at the thought. "But first, I wanna watch you get opened up. You ready, baby?" This last part over Billy's shoulder to Steve, who's spreading

lube on his fingers.

“Yeah. You ready, sweetheart?”

“Yeah,” Billy says, barely a whisper as he stares up at Hopper. And Hopper knows the exact moment Steve goes to work; Billy’s lashes flutter, his mouth opens on a sharp inhale, his eyes go hazy. “Fuck,” he says. “It’s good, baby. Can’t wait... can’t wait to have you inside.” He’s definitely talking to Steve but he’s facing Hopper and Hopper’s erection strains at his pants.

“Christ, kid.”

Billy doesn’t acknowledge Hopper, just moans, his caught hands turning to loose fists, his trim chest pushing against Hopper’s with each inhale. Behind him, Steve looks wrecked just from watching, and Hopper thinks they love each other. He doesn’t hold onto the thought, let’s it slip away with Billy’s gasps and Steve’s hard breaths, because he doesn’t know what to do with it. He should feel guilty, perhaps, barging in on their moment, but he doesn’t particularly want to, and that’s almost scary-

“I’m ready,” Billy says, bringing Hopper out of his thoughts. “I’m ready. Please.” His eyes are closed, head tipped back, much like he’d been when Hopper first saw him tonight. As Hopper absorbs the flush crawling up Billy’s neck, the way his chest moves hypnotically with each breath, smooth and taut, he wonders how often a kid like Billy Hargrove says please. Hop doesn’t ask, just watches for a moment before looking at Steve, who continues moving his fingers but looks right back at Hopper, a question in his eyes.

“Okay. We gotcha, darling.” He gestures for Steve to move back on the bed. When he does, Hopper nudges Billy’s thighs with his knees until he scoots back, too. When he has room, Hopper drops Billy’s hands, then guides him down onto all fours. Billy and Steve both

watch him now, expectantly. Hopper resists rolling his eyes and ignores the flash of heat in his groin as he reaches for the button of his pants. He doesn't push his pants down all the way, only far enough to get his cock out, and Jesus, he's harder than he remembers being in years, leaking like a teenager. Steve's eyes widen, but Billy looks at him with hunger bleeding through the haze. He leans forward, nuzzles against the top of Hopper's thigh, bites his hip. "Can I have it, Daddy?"

"Fuck," Hopper says, because he really has no defense for Billy Hargrove's eagerness or Steve Harrington's earnestness. "Yeah, kid. Go for it."

If Hopper had thought it looked good that night he'd walked in on Steve and Billy (the first time, he adds, shit), it's nothing to having that mouth on him now, that tongue teasing him, those lips stretching around him. Billy Hargrove has blowjob lips if Hopper's ever seen a set. Slowly, he sinks onto Hopper's dick, getting maybe halfway before his throat flutters and he pulls back. Hopper runs two fingers along Billy's jaw. "That's all right, darlin'," he says, but Billy bats his hand away and spits into his palm, running it down Hopper's length. There's a determined set to his brow.

Then Steve is there, gently gathering up Billy's hair at the nape of his neck to keep it out of his face. "Like this, Daddy," he says, using the fistful of hair to push Billy down until he gags again, then a little farther before pulling back briefly. "This is how he likes it." Steve looks up at Hopper, who wonders if he'll even last more than a few minutes when just their eyes hit him with such force. "He won't be happy until he takes it all."

Hopper swears, blinking his own eyes back into focus as Steve steers Billy down again. He makes it farther this time, rubbing and flicking his tongue along the bottom of Hopper's cock as he goes, sucking with those lips. "Jesus, where did you learn to do this?" he asks, not expecting an answer, although Billy snorts a little amused sound.

“Good, isn’t he?” Steve says, looking back at Billy with a fondness that speaks volumes, and Hopper thinks it’s a damn shame that Billy can’t see it. A moment later, Steve reaches for Hopper’s hand, the one Billy had hit away before. “Here. Like this.” He guides Hopper’s hand to hold Billy’s hair, the way his had been before. “Don’t pull. Just--” And he puts his hand over Hopper’s, pushing until Billy’s head goes down again, reaching a little more. Really, he’s almost got it all, and it’s as impressive now as it was in that dark bedroom so long ago.

“I got this, baby,” Hopper says to Steve, nodding meaningfully. Steve flushes, but backs off, taking the time to rub his hands over Billy’s shoulders and back as he moves behind him again. Billy whines around Hop’s cock, and Hop nearly sees stars. “You’re doing so good, darling,” he tells Billy. “Daddy’s good boy.” And he swears Billy slides another entire inch down him, making Hopper swear at the ceiling and have to resist pulling his hair.

Suddenly, Billy gives a muffled shout, and Hop snaps his eyes up to Steve as he pushes in. Billy’s hands fist the comforter, his throat spasming around Hop’s cock, eyes watering. “Whoa,” Hop says, but Steve keeps pushing.

“He likes it,” Steve assures him. “Keep going.” And, yeah, Billy has stopped moving, but now that Hopper looks, he sees the way his eyes blink rapidly, the way his nose flares on hard breaths, the way his concentration is set on easing his entire body back onto Steve, who is pawing at Billy’s hips and lower back. “Billy,” Steve says, “so good. Fuck.” Billy glows under the praise, and once Steve settles all the way, Billy suddenly pushes the last little bit forward on Hop’s cock, moaning in a way that vibrates Hopper’s blood.

Steve finds a rhythm, gentle for now, and Billy can’t stop making noise as he works on Hopper’s dick. For his part, Hopper’s entire paycheck is going to have to go into the swear jar at home, and although Steve very clearly told him not to pull, Hopper’s hand keeps twitching in Billy’s hair. Billy is good, god he’s good, and Hopper thinks blowjobs might be ruined for him after this.

When Steve's pace picks up, Billy's jaw goes lax, lips loosening around Hop. He looks up, blue eyes usually clear with laser focus now foggy, blinking slowly. Hopper thinks he gets it. "You sure, darlin'?" He strokes a thumb along Billy's jaw again, and this time Billy lets him, pressing into the touch as he nods. "If it's too much, just push me. I'll stop." As soon as he's said it, he edges his hips forward, feels himself catch at the back of Billy's throat and then a little further. Billy makes a coughing sound, but doesn't push him, so Hopper pulls back and does it again, and again, until Billy's face has tear-streaks on it and Hopper's breaths come in heaves and leave in grunts and moans of his own. He hears Steve's pace surging, too, the quick slap of skin on skin, but he can't really care about that when Billy's throat keeps dancing around his cock, his moans shooting thrills through Hopper's nerve endings.

"Daddy," Steve says, panting and sweating. "He wants it. Give it to him." Reaching around, Steve wraps a hand around Billy's dick, which hasn't been touched since Hop showed up, but it's angry red and dripping wet and Steve pulls on it like he knows what the hell he's doing. He must, because it's like Billy's plugged into a live wire, shouting around Hop, body shaking and jerking, and Hop could make a full-time job of watching Billy's muscles leap and quiver under his skin. Instead, he pistons his hips a few more times, looks at Billy's swollen lips and thinks about them calling him Daddy. Then Steve says, "He's waiting for you, first," and Hopper loses it, shoves his cock down Billy's throat with a shout and holds his head there by those angelic blond curls, even when he feels Billy's throat contracting wildly.

When Hop finally releases him, stepping back, Billy coughs and gulps air in turns, his face so dark it's almost purple. His mouth hangs open, thin white ropes connecting his lips to Hop's spent dick and rolling down his chin to the comforter as he gasps and moans freely now, and Christ, he sounds used, voice breaking on the tiniest sounds. "I know," Steve tells him. "I know."

After tucking himself away, Hop steps forward again to put a hand to Billy's face, but Billy's gone, turned from a boy to a mindless, hot mass of shuddering, writhing muscle and fractured, desperate sounds. Hop leans in close to Billy's ear, brushing his hair back. "You were so good for me, darlin'. So good. Come on, now. Daddy wants to see his good boy lose it."

And Billy does, coming with a ragged gasp and a cry that sounds like a punch, hands scrabbling at the sheets, at Hopper, clutching like Billy thinks he's going to fly away. Hopper's never seen anything like it, marvels with an open mouth until he hears Steve say, "Fuck, sweetheart, I'm almost there."

Billy makes no indication of hearing, but a few more thrusts and Steve gives a cry, jerking Billy toward him and draping across his back, burying his face in Billy's neck. Steve's hips keep working for a minute, Billy shuddering under him, until finally they both collapse, Steve sprawled over him. Hopper leans forward and sets a kiss to Steve's sweaty temple. "Be right back," he says, and neither of the boys are in any state to say anything, so Hopper leaves them to investigate nearby until he finds a bathroom across the hall. He runs a bath, and while it fills he goes down to the kitchen and fills two glasses with water, adds a little salt and honey to one. Upstairs, he finds that they've separated to sprawl over the mattress on their backs with only their hands touching between them, both still panting heavily. Hop hands Steve the plain water, Billy the concoction. "Drink it," Hopper says. "Trust me."

"If Daddy says so," Billy says, almost mocking, and it might actually be cutting if Billy didn't sound like, well, like he'd just had his throat fucked raw. But Hopper doesn't move until Billy slowly, slowly rolls over to push himself into a sitting position and then takes the proffered drink with shaking hands. His nose wrinkles when he tastes it, which makes Hop smile. "I'd rather have a beer," Billy says.

Hop ignores him, pointing to the glass. "Finish that." Then he nudges Steve into sitting up and drinking his water. They lean against each

other, supporting one another, as Steve guzzles and Billy sips. “I told you he’d take care of us,” Billy stage whispers to Steve, head lolling against his shoulder. Steve smiles. Hopper pretends not to hear any of it, even though he’s standing right there and knows they want him to hear.

“He always takes care of everyone,” Steve says. “We aren’t special.” But his eyes sparkle, exhausted and satisfied.

“Yes we are,” Billy says, sounding so assured. “He’s our Daddy.”

Hopper, for the first time, feels something like a flush work through him, heat erupting from deep in his chest. Before Billy can say another damn thing, he points toward the bathroom. “Bath. Go. Now.” It takes a while, and he has to half-carry Billy, but he gets them to the bath, and they sink in gratefully, both looking blissed the hell out and like they might drown if left alone, but they’re not children, so Hop leaves them to put his shirt and belt back on, then returns to the bathroom to watch them from a position against the doorframe.

For a minute, he just observes silently. Billy dunked his head underwater at some point, his curls dark with wet and pushed back, his face still pink but no longer the deep cerise of before. His head is leaned back against the wall, smiling. Steve has one of Billy’s feet in his hands, massaging it, and Hopper thinks that they don’t need a Daddy or anyone else to take care of them. They’ve got each other.

It makes him feel better about leaving, plucks away some fear he didn’t know had latched in his chest.

He clears his throat. Steve turns toward him, eyes wide again, but Billy barely rolls his head in Hop’s direction, cracking open one eye. “I’ve got to get back to work. Just to be clear, there was no break-in, right?”

“Not unless you’re here to arrest yourself, Chief,” Billy mumbles.

Steve snickers, then looks back to Hop. “We’re good, Hop,” he says, and reality fluidly asserts itself once again, an easy transition. No more Daddy. It’s Chief and Hop. “Thanks for, uh, checking in? I guess?” Steve adds, blushing. Now Billy snorts a little laugh, nudging Steve with his foot.

“No problem. Stay out of trouble.”

As he climbs back into his car, Hopper thinks that this is just one more of many, many things he can’t-and really doesn’t want to-share with the rest of Hawkins. He knows Steve’s neighbor, Jean Grey, will watch him pull away from the curb and maybe wonder what took him so long, because she’s been caught for voyeurism before. Hopper knows that, down the street, Greg Toulers will probably be changing out of his work clothes and into a skirt and heels to head downtown. He knows that Billy Hargrove sucks cock like he was born for it, he knows Steve Harrington is hung like a pornstar, and he knows that they love each other.

These last three he knows from experience.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading! Find me on tumblr and talk sweet, sweet Harringrove to me. My url is thingsalexwrites

From there, you can find most of my other blogs, too, if you’re interested.